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KENEDY'S NEW SERIES OF PLAYS.



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A DUEL AT DAWN.
A ONE ACT TRAGEDY.

AND

A MILLIONAIRE'S TRIALS.

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

BY ELEANOR R. COX.

TOGETHER WITH

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—EN-
TRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORM-
ERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS.

NEW YORK :

P. J. KENEDY,
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A DUEL AT DAWN.

.. ONE ACT TRAGEDY.

CHARACTERS.

VICTOR DE MENDON
COUNT DE VANDEMAR
SURGEON

MADAM DE MAUREVAIS—Victor's sister.

MARJORIE VANE—An American heiress.

SCENE—Veranda of a French country house. VICTOR in the uniform of the Chasseurs-a-cheval stands alone.

VICTOR. So ! the dream is dreamed out. The farce is quite played to a finish. Only, with her it was always a farce,—I can see that plainly enough now. Fool, fool that I was, to think that in that light soul there could dwell the truth and tenderness and constancy that were ever the possession of the women of our race. To think that I, a soldier of France, the last of my name, should be publicly insulted by my betrothed wife before a crowded ballroom ! Oh little glove ! first gift that I ever received from her hand, I fling you away. Would God I could so easily fling away the memory of the giver.

Enter COUNT DE VANDEMAR, with sword.

COUNT. Here's your weapon ! See, what a delightful blade it is. The blood leaps through the veins at the very touch.

VIC. [*feeling blade*]. Fine ! beautiful ! A man couldn't desire a pleasanter pass to Eternity. Strange isn't it though that Lord Rivers should have chosen swords. I thought Englishmen always preferred pistols. By the way, De Vandemar, how many duels have you fought ?

COUNT. Let me see. First there was that little affair with Dupressy, a sous-lieutenant of Cuirassiers, very famous just about that time as the first swordsman in Paris. 'Twas a small affair of the heart. It proved one for him in both ways, for I took him by a neat sabre movement under the left breast, that I had learned from the Turks in Algiers. You see it's this way. You take your weapon thus—You swing it round—So. Down comes your man—Thus !

VIC. Pardon me Count, if I interrupt you for a moment.

But time presses. What I wished to know was not indeed so much the number of your duels as the feelings with which you entered into them. Probably to you the question will seem the most consummate folly.—To myself it savors of cowardice.—But did it never occur to you that when you took a man's life in one of these affairs, you were guilty of murder before God and man?

COUNT. Murder. You talk like a clergyman or a woman! You who are a Frenchman, a soldier, a son of soldiers,—'Twas a gentleman, a King of France, that once defeated and conquered, a monarch only in name, could still exclaim: "All is lost but honor." To us gentlemen of modern France all that is left is our honor. They can banish our princes and buy our senates. The Communists can burn our churches, the Rothschilds can purchase our palaces. But they cannot burn, and they cannot buy the honor of a gentleman of France!

VIC. Thank you De Vandemar. You speak as my father would have spoken. Even if I would withdraw I could not. It was I struck the first blow. God knows my life is not such a pleasant thing that I need feel sorry to part with it.

COUNT. Bah! man if I were to talk like that there would be some reason in it. But for you, not yet twenty-six, head of one of the first houses in France, to talk of losing your life merely because a golden-haired American heiress has jilted you—why it's preposterous! Only be sure to use that neat little sabre movement beneath the left breast that I have just shown you. And presto! down goes your man, the English embassy at Paris loses one of its chief ornaments, you go over to London to spend the remainder of the season, you are petted by Duchesses, you pose as a lion, you marry a blonde young English angel—Ah, the thought of it all makes my mouth water.

VIC. You treat it as a jest, De Vandemar, but something there is here that tells me that my first duel will be also my last. Well, let it go. The wine of life was very sweet, but I have begun to taste its dregs. A thousand years would not make me forget the humiliation of last night.

COUNT. I have only lived fifty years—and I have forgotten—ah, if you only knew how much I have forgotten!

VIC. Count, you must pardon me if I do not fall in with your mood. Only yesterday I would have laughed at the thought, that I, Victor De Mendon, should of all men in the world, stand here in the gray of the morning, talking of death and its chances—But you have heard the legend that runs in our family, that once every fourth generation, the head of the house comes to its death by violent means.

COUNT. Pshaw, my dear fellow. These legends that gather around the history of every old family are like the ivies that entwine the walls of their castles—perfectly natural growths but not at all dangerous ones.

VIC. Well, well, it does not matter. The sooner this busi-

ness is over the better. At what time will Lord Rivers and his second be here?

COUNT. At four o'clock [*looking at watch*]; it is now three, forty-five. You can manage the affair nicely in that little hollow down there by the wood.

VIC. I hear a footstep. It is my sister's! For God's sake Count, hide the sword or go yourself: go! go!

COUNT. Too late. Only do you play the hypocrite for the next ten minutes and she will never suspect our purpose.

Enter MADAM DE MAUREVAIS.

MADAM DE MAUREVAIS. Victor,—Count De Vandemar—a drawn sword,—What is the meaning of this?

COUNT. Madam, you alarm yourself unnecessarily, I assure you. I was merely showing your brother a new sabre movement that——

MAD. Truly Count you have chosen a most wonderful time for the lesson. And you seem to have found a remarkably willing pupil.

VIC. Ah Clemence you would not wonder to find me here, if you only knew what a horrible, and stifling place a ball-room may become under certain circumstances.

COUNT. When a certain fair American for instance takes it into her pretty little head to dance with another man through the livelong night. Never mind my boy, you'll smile at all this when you're thirty or forty years older and have danced to the music of bullets and smelt real powder. It's a brutal fact but for myself I must confess that the best part of a ball is the supper.

MAD. Ah! Count you're fifty and I forgive you. I could forgive you much more when I found my first fears were groundless, and that your drawn sword didn't mean a duel after all.

COUNT. Ha! Ha! Ha! a duel! very good indeed. Oh it takes more than a trifle to provoke men to *that* in these days. Now when I was a young man——

MAD. By the way, Count, I should very much like to see a duel. Most things bore me in ten minutes, but I really think I could stand a quarter of an hour at that.

COUNT. Madam, if you're sincere I'll insult the first man I meet, merely for the pleasure of pleasing you. And which way do you prefer your duel served, madam?

MAD. Oh by moonlight of course. Silvered grass, silver sky, and the crossing of sword-points. What a charming spot this would be for such an encounter. Oh I can fancy the enchantment of it!

VIC. Ah Count, you see how our soldier's blood leaps out even yet. And of what sometimes follows the crossing of sword-points, my gentle Clemence—did you think of that?

MAD. Of what follows? You mean death. Ah Death, Ah

Death, Ah Death! But it is a long way off. We'll say a hundred years. Meantime our chief concern in life must be to gather its roses.

COUNT. Madam, I kiss your hand for that speech. But it is now almost four o'clock, and I must say good-morning. You will accompany me a little part of the way, will you not, De Mendon?

VIC. With pleasure. Clemence, my dear sister, you will catch cold here in the damp morning air. You are shivering even now.

MAD. Shivering! Oh Victor, it is not the cold which causes me to shiver, but something which I see in your face—something; a shadow, a—my God, I cannot define it. But you must not go away.

COUNT. Time's up De Mendon. You know I cannot delay a moment after four.

VIC. Clemence my sister you know I have never refused you anything. Do not give me that pain now. This matter of parting is only for a few moments at best. But just to keep up the jest that the parting is a real one, suppose we shake hands. There. *Au revoir!* now, dear one.

MAD. No Victor, you shall not go thus——

VIC. But Clemence——

MAD. Then you refuse me?

VIC. Hear it then if you will. Down there in the meadow by the wood Lord Rivers and his second await our coming. Already they are calling us cowards for our delay. Of course you have seen for yourself how for the past fortnight, Rivers has been the special object of Marjorie's favor. One hour ago I met him alone on the terrace. I struck him in the face. Of course you know what that means.

MAD. And you hesitated to tell me this, lest I should hinder your purpose. Oh, Victor my brother, heart of my heart as you are, do you think I would counsel you to the course of a coward? Go, go, at once. I will stay here and pray for your safe return. [*Exit VICTOR and COUNT DE-VANDEMAR.*]

Enter MARJORIE VANE.

MARJORIE. Oh, Madam de Maurevais, I'm so glad to have found you. I couldn't go away you know without saying good-bye, and telling you what a dear delightful time I've had. And the beautiful things that have been said to me——

MAD. Really Mademoiselle.

MAR. Oh yes! delightful. You could never fancy the pretty compliment the Russian Ambassador paid me. You know how Prince Ivanoff talks when he wishes to make an impression—holds his old head on one side like a bird—so. "Pardon me Mademoiselle," he said "but I believe it is very cold in your country just now." Of course I told him that I really didn't know. The weather in the United States didn't trouble me.

"Well," he said "if it isn't cold over there, it ought to be, while it is deprived of the sunshine of your presence." Now that's what I call a nice speech.

MAD. [*aside*]. And this is the girl, for whom my brother at this moment, may be losing his life. [*To Marjorie*.] And you enjoyed the dancing too did you not?

MAR. Oh, Madam, what a question! Enjoyment's a slight name for it. Think of the pleasure it must be to go with a great, stupid elephantine Englishman like Lord Rivers through cotillion and waltz and quadrille for a whole long night.

MAD. Ah, indeed—but *you* did not find him stupid?

MAR. Oh, I don't know. I think everything was stupid. And I could see your brother frowning at us with his great angry eyes, wherever I turned. And I lost the big diamond that fastened my necklace. But papa said he'd buy me one twice as big and twice as beautiful. And oh Madam, have you seen Victor?

MAD. Mademoiselle—Marjorie, I have listened patiently to you thus far. But you—surely you could not, would not, dare not face the man to whom you were betrothed, after your shameless flirting with another man throughout the entire night?

MAR. Ha! ha! ha! So Victor has been confiding his trouble to you then Madam. And we shan't flirt even a little bit, shall we? And we'll be a nice, meek, modest little Frenchwoman just able to say "prunes and presms." Oh *I'll* make him dance a pretty dance for this!

MAD. Indeed! you did not know then, that scarcely a stone's throw from where we stand, these two men, neither of whom you love, both of whom you have fooled, are fighting a duel to the death on your account.

MAR. [*aside*]. I must keep a brave face to the end. [*To Madam*.] On my account? A duel for me? Oh the charming fellows! The papers will have it in the morning, and the blonde *belle Americaine* will be the sensation of the hour.

MAD. Oh girl! oh woman! oh heart of stone, leave me. Nay, do not touch me. To think that for such as you, a man may lose his life and risk his soul. 'Tis monstrous, 'Tis unbelievable!

MAR. Oh Madam Maurevais, forgive me. I never, never dreamt it would end so. Driven to death and by me! By me who would not wish that his little finger should ache. Nay Madam, look at me, say you forgive me. See here on my knees at your feet I implore it.

MAD. You were laughing a moment ago; you weep now. I think the laughter just as sincere as the weeping. Pray get up.

MAR. [*leans back sobbing*]. Oh! Victor, Victor, Victor.

Enter COUNT DE VANDEMAR *and* SURGEON *bearing* VICTOR *wounded* [*at back of stage*].

COUNT. There, easy now. Does he yet breathe?

SUR. A little. They were a strong race, these DeMendons!

COUNT. One of the strongest and best in France. I cannot understand though, how he could have failed to do for the Englishman. He was the first swordsman in his branch of the service. Ha—the legend, the legend—that explains it.

SUR. [*kneeling*]. Well Count, no explanation will call him back. And this was for a woman. [*Victor speaks incoherently*].

COUNT. He mutters something still. Poor soul, poor heart, how hard it is for you to consign yourself to sleep.

MAD. I hear voices. That is Count DeVandemar's. Oh! Victor my brother, my brother, and it is thus you come back!

MAR. Oh my heart, my life, and this was for me! [*Kneels by DE MENDON.*] Victor, look at me, speak to me. Forgive me!

MAD. Go girl, your place is not here. His murder is on your head. Let him go in peace. Leave my dead to me. It is all I have left now.

MAR. Nay, he is not dead. And my place is here—here, by your heart Victor. I am his betrothed wife, Madam De Maurevais.

VIC. [*mutters*]. Yes mother—we'll go presently—But Clemence, Clemence—I must wait for her.

MAD. He is thinking of our mother—our beautiful mother who died when he was a child. And even in his delirium he remembers me. Would God I could go with you, my brother, wherever you go.

COUNT. Strange is it not, Doctor, when we come to face this long, long sleep in the arms of the Earth—mother, how our hearts go back to the memory of the first woman who clasped us to her breast.

SUR. His spirit will pass in this delirium. Nay, do not disturb him. It is better so.

MAR. But Victor—oh Victor, you must not go so! one word of pardon—recognition——

[*Bell rings.*]

VIC. [*mutters*]. Listen my mother. There is the Angelus. But—I have forgotten the prayer—and I cannot see your face—There is another face between us always, mother—a girl's face scornful as it is beautiful. Bah! it is gone now and it is night, night!

MAR. Oh Clemence,—Madam De Maurevais, speak to him, you. Look Victor, my face is not scornful. It will never mock you again. Ah love, if you only knew——

VIC. Marjorie, is it you? Nay, little girl, do not weep. Only I was a fool to doubt your constancy. And Clemence—Clemence stoop lower.

MAD. Oh my brother, my life :

VIC. There, take Marjorie's hand. Farewell Count. You see your sabre movement was a failure—God pardon me—Marjorie your other hand. Dear heart till we meet again—Farewell.

MAR. Dear Love, dear life till we meet again!

END.

A MILLIONAIRE'S TRIALS.

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

JAMES FERDINAND JONES—The Millionaire.
DICK DE FOREST—A Wall St. Broker.
MR. DE FOREST—Dick's Father.
LORD HARRISFORD—A visiting English nobleman.
OFFICER MC GINNIS—Of the 19th Precinct.
CHARLES—English servant of Mr. Jones.
JUDGE FINNEGAN—Police Justice.
CLERK OF THE COURT.
JOSIAH GREEN—A Jersey farmer.
MAN WITH THE DOG.
MAN WITH A PATENT CRANK-KILLER.
MISS Georgiana FORRESTER }
MISS MILDRED FORRESTER } Wards of Mr. Jones.
MISS EDITH FORRESTER }
MRS. RANGER—President of Murray Hill Woman Suffrage
League, Sect'y of Women's Cold Croton Temperance
Assoc., and Member of Sorosis.
MISS MAUDE RANGER—Her niece.
MRS. MERRYWEATHER—A female philanthropist interested
in the preservation of Cats.
A SALVATION ARMY GIRL.
Members of Woman Suffrage Convention.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Bachelor's apartment. MR. JONES seated at table, holding lawyer's letter in hand and still very much dazed at its unexpected announcement of his good fortune.
Time—Morning.

MR. JONES. Yes! here's a copy of the will, here's the lawyer's letter, yet hang me! if I can believe a word of it yet. That an old uncle of mine, of whose existence I scarcely knew, should die, leaving me, James Ferdinand Jones, heir to five million dollars—just think of it, a clear, cool five million! Seems too good for belief. But there's one thing about it I don't half like and that's this business of the guardianship. What in the name of all that's wonderful, could induce the

old boy to appoint *me* guardian to those three girls? Let's see their names again.—Georgiana, Edith, Mildred. Well, I guess Georgiana's about twenty-five; up to that time all the Georgianas are Georgies. Edith's around twenty-two, and Mildred's anywhere from sweet sixteen to twenty. Well, [*jumping up and surveying himself in looking-glass.*] I don't think I look very particularly like the matron of an orphan asylum. I wonder what the fellows will say. Already I hear myself referred to, as the guardian of youth and innocence in the smoking-room of every club in New York. But never mind! I'm a millionaire, sure enough, and nothing can alter *that* fact. Now the next thing is to tell Charles. Charles!

[*Calls.*]

CHAWLES. You called me Sir?

MR. J. Charles, you haven't heard the glorious good fortune that has come to me. No, nor you wouldn't guess it, if you were trying for a thousand years. I'm a millionaire, Charles! Here's the will that has made me the owner of five millions. No more shifts, no more saving. I'm the happiest man in New York!

CHAW. H'im hextremely gratified, Sir.

MR. J. Hang it man, you might show a little emotion. "Extremely gratified" seems a mild way for a faithful fellow like you, to express his satisfaction.

CHAW. H'emotion, Sir! H'im above h'emotion. In the late Dook of Doverfield's establishment in which h'is had the 'onor to be brought h'up and eddicated, it was an invariable rule—Never show H'emotion. "Chawles, my boy," the late Dook has frequent, said to me, "Chawles, my boy, you may murder the Queen's English, break every one of the Ten Commandments, kick a hole through the British Constitution, but never—no, never under any circumstance, must you show h'emotion." Why, Sir, did you know that it was h'emotion caused the late Dook's separation from his lovely young Duchess? The Duchess was an American, Sir, and very h'impulsive. Wot do you think she did, Sir? Why, one day after she had been away three months on the Continent for her 'ealth, she came 'ome to find the late Dook, waiting for her at the railway-station. And you wouldn't believe it, Sir, but she run straight h'up to him and kissed him, Sir—kissed him on the mouth—after *that* of course there could be nothing but a separation.

MR. J. Confound the Duke and his Duchess and your long-winded eloquence. Tell me, what you'd do, Charles, if you were in my position.

CHAW. What would I do, Sir? Why, first and foremost Sir, I would go home to h'old H'england.

MR. J. And why England, Charles, more than Paris or Bengal or Salt Lake City or Brooklyn. I thought New York suited us both down to the ground.

CHAW. Ah, Sir, you have never been in London! Why,

when I was 'ome in merry H'england, they called me 'and-some Chawles with the auburn hair. But in this 'ere blooming country, its "Get out, you red-headed Britisher," every second word. H'im above flattery, Sir, but I do say that in H'england, you'd be a himmense success—Himmense!

Enter MRS. MERRYWEATHER.

MR. J. [*aside*]. Great Scott! what's this!

MRS. MERRYWEATHER. I think I stand in the presence of Mr. Jones, the well-known philanthropist.

MR. J. [*aside*]. I never had five dollars to spare in my life.

MRS. MERRY. Mr. Jones I have been more than delighted to read in the morning papers of your good fortune. I'm Mrs. Martha Merryweather, of whom, as President of the Society for the Preservation of Insane and Idiotic Cats, you have no doubt, often heard.

MR. J. Madam, I'm delighted to meet a friend of the friendless cat. I once knew a cat named William,—but that's another story. 'Pon my honor, Madam, I'll be greatly delighted to lend my aid in any way, to the preservation of the friendless feline.

MRS. MERRY. Ah, Sir, if all the millionaires were only like you. Then you'll give your cheque towards the erection of the Home on the banks of the Hudson, in which our Society is so much interested. It's going to be a simple granite structure with dormitories respectively for the Aged, the Insane, the Idiotic and Paralyzed pussy-cats.

MR. J. [*signs check*]. Delighted to help you, Madam. More than delighted. No thanks, Mrs. Merryweather, Charles, see this lady to the door. [*Exit* MRS. M. and CHARLES—*Bell rings*].

MR. J. Well, I'm in for it sure enough. It seems every blessed soul in New York knew my good fortune before I knew it myself. But what in thunder have we here?

Enter shabby man with dog, followed by CHARLES.

MR. J. Charles, what has got into your head this morning? Do you think, because I'm a millionaire, I'm going to hold a reception of all the queer characters in the city?

CHAW. I know it's h'emtremely annoying Sir, but its h'impossible to hold 'em back,—quite h'impossible, I do assure you, Sir.

MR. J. Well never mind. [*To man.*] Well, my good fellow, what do you want?

MAN. Want nawthin. Will you buy a dorg?

MR. J. Wiil I buy a dorg? Of course I will. Dozens of 'em! And I'll buy a yacht and a racing-stable, and a seat in the Senate and an Ambassadorship. Oh, yes, you can leave

the dog. Call around for the money to-morrow. [*Bell rings again.*]

MR. J. Charles, see this gentleman to the door, and fetch some more of 'em up—Oh, I'm beginning to realize what it is to be a public character.

Enter MRS. MINERVA RANGER *and her niece* MISS MAUDE RANGER,

MRS. RANGER. Mr. Jones I presume? In calling thus early upon you, Mr. Jones, I should like to express the joy of the public generally, over the reward of your many merits that has lately come to you.

MR. J. [*aside*]. I'm hanged if they won't make me out a regular Christian Saint and Martyr before they get through with me.

MRS. R. And dear Mr. Jones, having said this much, let me introduce myself as Mrs. Minerva Ranger, member of Sorosis, Secretary of the Women's Cold Croton Temperance Ass. and President of the Murray Hill Women Suffrage League. This is my niece, Miss Maude Ranger. Now Mr. Jones, we want you to do us a very great favor—we want you to lend the influence of your presence to, and make the opening address at the next Convention of the Murray Hill Women's League, don't we Maude dear?

MAUDE. Oh, yes, Mr. Jones, you'll come, won't you now. [*Going over to the dog and patting him.*] Poor old fellow! poor doggie!

MR. J. [*aside*]. I can't refuse a pretty girl like that, anything. But great Caesar's ghost! to think of James Ferdinand Jones, presiding at a Women Suffrage meeting. [*To Mrs. Ranger.*] Madam, it will give me great pleasure to make the opening speech at your convention.

MRS. R. Nobly-spoken, Sir, our oppressed sex may well feel proud of its new champion. Come, Maude.

MAUDE [*still fondling dog*]. Yes auntie. Good-bye, doggie. Good-bye, Mr. Jones.

MR. J. Good-bye Miss Ranger. If your aunt permits you, you can have the dog. [*Aside.*] I wish she'd have me!

MAUDE. Oh, Mr. Jones, how kind you are. Wait a moment auntie. Come on doggie. Fido! Prince! Gypsy! What's your name, Sir?

MRS. R. Oh whistle for him Maude, and get through with it.

MAUDE. Oh! auntie. Whistle for him.

MRS. R. And why not? For what purpose, do you think, did I send you to Miss Birch's Academy for the Formation of Stronge-minded Young Women; or for what purpose, do I associate you in our present noble work, if it isn't to be able to bring a dog by whistling, that won't come for coaxing? Whistle! I say. [*Maude puts her finger to her lips, breaks*

down, laughs, makes a second attempt, looks at Mr. Jones, and bursts into tears.

MR. J. [*aside*]. Confound the old dragon. [*To Maude.*] Never mind Maude—Miss Ranger, I mean. *I'll help you.* [*Goes over to dog and secures him with string which he places in Maude's hand.*]

BOTH LADIES. You're awfully good, Mr. Jones. Good-bye, good-bye. [*Exit MRS. R. and MAUDE. Bell rings for 4th time since MRS. RANGER'S entrance. CHARLES enters.*]

MR. J. How many are there now Charles?

CHAW. Oh there's a young woman of the Salvation H'army Sir, and ten reporters of the morning newspapers, and a man with a patent Crank-killer, and a——

MR. J. For heaven's sake, Charles, say no more, I'll not see another soul to-day. I feel that I'm growing bald already. And Georgiana and Edith and Mildred—all that's before me yet. Remember Charles not another visitor to-day. If De Forest should call, tell him I'll see him at the Club.

CHAW. H'all right Sir. [*Exit in opposite directions, JONES and CHARLES. End of Scene I. Act, I.*]

SCENE 2.—*Act I.*—Same room as Scene I. Time, Morning. Georgiana must appear as a lady of doubtful age. Mildred and Edith are young girls. [*Voices without.*]

Enter GEORGIANA, MILDRED and EDITH.

CHAW. [*opening door*]. But 'e's out hi say.

LADIES [*in chorus*]. We'll wait.

CHAW. Such h'impertinence is extremely annoying—h'em-tremely annoying I'm sure. [*Exit CHARLES. GIRLS take off hats, etc.*]

GEORG. Too bad Mr. Jones should be out. What a delightful surprise it will be for the dear old man to find us here on his return!

MILDRED [*picking up package from table*]. Why what a funny old gentleman our guardian must be—he smokes cigarettes!

EDITH. And goes to the races. Here's his betting-book. [*Shows book.*]

MIL. [*going to sofa*]. And here's his boxing-gloves. Well it *does* seem odd that a nice old New York gentleman should have these things lying around. And here's the Sporting Times!

GEORG. Do talk with some reason, girls. You know perfectly well, that nice old gentlemen in New York or any other place, *don't* smoke cigarettes or go to the races, or read sporting papers. Mightn't you suppose Mr. Jones had a son? [*At this moment, Jones appears in doorway, at back of stage, all ready for walk.*]

MR. J. [*appears petrified*]. Confound that stupid fellow, Charles! Didn't I tell him——

GEORG. Ah, excuse this unwarrantable intrusion, Sir, but I'm sure you're the young man of whom we have just been speaking. We're the Misses Forrester, and you no doubt are the son of our venerable guardian, Mr. James Ferdinand Jones.

MR. J. I never had a son—I mean I never had a father—I mean—oh, confound it all.—I'm your guardian myself.

LADIES [*in chorus*]. You!

MR. J. [*coming forward*]. Well, if I'm younger than I should be, it's my uncle's fault and not mine. Anyhow I'm glad you came to New York, and shall try to make your visit as pleasant as possible. [*Bell rings. Voices in hall.*]

MR. J. [*jumps round*]. Good Lord, if that's not De Forest. I must keep *him* out or in half-an-hour all the boys will have it.

Enter DICK DE FOREST. [*Shakes hands with* JONES.]

DICK. Just ran in to congratulate you, old man. But hullo. What's this, Jones, old boy, I always knew you had a weakness for things theatrical, but I swear it's coming it rather fine, to have started a Burlesque Company already.

MR. J. Hush De Forest; for heaven's sake, hush. Those ladies are my wards. I'm their guardian. You see besides being owner of five millions, my late uncle was guardian to the three Miss Forresters. The guardianship was transferred to me, along with his money. The ladies are half-sisters and that's how two of them might be my sisters and one of them my grand-aunt. [*Bringing* DICK *forward*.] Miss Forrester, Miss Mildred, Miss Edith, this is my friend De Forest.

MR. DICK. And how does New York suit you [*to* GEORGIANA] Miss Forrester?

GEORG. Oh, *we* like it very well, for what we've seen of it. But then, of course, New York is not Philadelphia. They say that society is dreadfully mixed here—that one might actually be obliged to dine with a person whose great-great grandfather supplied one's own great-great ancestor with coats.

DICK. It's very sad and very true, Miss Forrester. A man in New York counts himself lucky if he had a great-grandfather of any kind at all. Most of us hadn't even a grandfather.

MIL. Oh, Mr. De Forest, *you* don't hesitate at trifles do you?

MR. J. By the way, ladies, you must be tired after your journey, so a little light refreshment won't be out of order.

GEORG. You are very good, Mr. Jones, but pray don't trouble yourself on our account. You know we only stepped in a moment, to consult with you on some business matters, before going to a hotel.

MR. J. Not the least trouble in life. Charles will see to all that. [*Goes out and presently returns*]. Well, I must say there's something deuced queer about that English fellow of mine,

this morning. And now about that matter of going to a hotel — *You* musn't do that you know. While you stay in New York, you must make this house your home, and avail yourselves of the best-trained servant that it was ever any fellow's good luck to possess. *I'll* go to the hotel.

Enter CHARLES bearing tray and walking unsteadily.

MR. J. Charles! what's the matter?

CHARLES. Nothing's the s'matter S'hir. I'm s'tremely comfortable, S'hir.

MR. J. Charles, to put it mildly—you're drunk!

DICK. Ha! ha! ha! That's rare. The Prince and Paragon of English servants has forgotten himself. Oh, Jones!

MIL. Dear me, Mr. De Forest, what a dreadfully sarcastic man you are. You make me shudder while I laugh.

EDITH. And me too.

CHAW [*balancing tray and confronting JONES*]. Drunk S'hir, did you say drunk. S'hir my feelings have been exasperated and trampled on, my lofty spirit aggravated this morning in various ways, but this is the last straw. Drunk!

MR. J. Well never mind Charles, I'll forgive you this time. Only you must never do it again.

CHAW. Mr. Jones, you have insulted me, but I forgive you from the bottom of my heart. S'hir, I was only celebrating our accession to lofty position, Sir. I'd like to sing a little song that I learned home in h'England for these ladies here. [*Tray over-balances, glasses fall, Charles sings We won't go home to morning, etc.*]

MR. J. Get out Sir, Get out. [*Hustles him out. Exit CHARLES singing*]

“We won't go home to morning, to morning, to morning,
We won't go home to morning, 'till daylight does appear.”

End of Scene 2—Act 1.

SCENE 1.—*Act 2.*—Time—Month from close of 1st Act. Same room as two former scenes. Old MR. DE FOREST seated. DICK paces impatiently about.

MR. DE F. Oh Dick, Dick, what an impatient boy you are! At twenty-five a man thinks ten minutes spent in waiting an eternity. Why not sit down and take things comfortably until your divinity does appear?

DICK [*coming up, and standing hands in pocket, contemplates his father*]. I say Guv'nor, were you ever in love?

MR. DE F. Ever in love! Dick, my boy, I think *your* passion for Miss Forrester must have affected your senses! To ask a man who has lived sixty years if he were ever in love!

DICK. Look here Guv'nor, I didn't ask you how many times you thought you were in love, I asked you if ever in your

life, you knew just what the real, simon-pure sensation was like.

[DICK *sits down*.

MR. DE F. Ah, my boy, we are getting into deeper water now. Yes, Dick, I once loved—I loved my friend Paul Rutherford as other men love whatever is dearest to them in life. We were playmates in childhood, comrades in youth, dear friends and companions in manhood. But there came a girl—Not your mother Dick—there came a girl I say, lighter than thistledown, more beautiful than the morning, and she put strife between us. The last time I saw my friend—poor Paul! he was staggering away from me, blinded with the blood of a blow he was too generous to return. Once again, indeed, I saw him, but then the girl had become a dream, a shadow, a nothing. But he—my friend,—old Paul,—was dead.

[*Leans his head on hands*.

DICK. Poor old boy. I'm sorry that he should have taken it so badly. All the same I wish the ladies would come.

Enter GEORGIANA.

GEORG. Good-morning MR. DE Forest. Very sorry indeed that my sisters should not have returned from driving.

DICK. Miss Forrester, this is my Guv'nor. Dearest old chap in New York, aren't you dad? [DICK DE FOREST *takes seat near GEORGIANA*.

MR. DE F. [*aside*]. Humph! I wonder if this is the girl with whom I was to fall in love at first sight. Well if she is, I must say the tastes of young men have altered since my day. Hem! I suppose I had better give them a chance. [*Takes up newspaper, glancing over its top occasionally*.

DICK [*taking GEORGIANA's hand*]. Miss Forrester—No, let me call you by a dearer name—Georgiana, I cannot tell you how glad I am to have this chance of speaking with you alone.

GEORG. It's coming now! I knew it would. Oh! the dreadful man!

DICK. [*rubbing his forehead*]. Let me see, do I remember it? By jove yes! I have it now. [*Turning to GEORGIANA*]. Georgiana, I find it very difficult to speak on the subject which brought me here to-day. When I first met yourself and your charming sisters, I little knew, I little thought—that is—ah, I——

GEORG. Exactly, dear, dear Richard. But you are *very* young.

DICK. Well if I *am* only twenty-five, Miss Mildred isn't so *very* much over twenty-two, you know.

GEORG. Mildred!

DICK. Why of course, Mildred. You didn't think, dear Georgiana, that I was proposing for Edith, did you now?

GEORG. Mr. De Forest, I have nothing whatever to do with the disposal of my sister's affections. You'll have to ask Mr. Jones.

DICK. Ask Jones. Oh, if I do, may I be hanged !

GEORG. Hanged ! oh, fie, Mr. De Forest !

DICK. May I be electrocuted then. Do now, dear Georgiana, give *your* consent. For you know that love is the very worst kind of heart disease and the shock of an unexpected refusal might kill me.

MR. DE F. [*looking up from paper*]. Well, I hope you young folks have settled everything to your satisfaction ?

DICK. Say yes, Georgiana ; for Heaven's sake, say Yes.

GEORG. Oh Richard you persuade me against myself. Yes, Mr. De Forest, we have settled everything completely to our satisfaction. Com-plete-ly.

Enter LORD HARRISFORD.

LORD HARRISFORD. Aw, beg pardon, but I thought, you know, that Mr. Jones lived here, you know. I am Lord Harrisford of Harrowsford Park, Hants.

DICK. And I'm De Forest of Wall St. and this is Miss Forrester and this is my Guv'nor.

LORD H. Haw ! delighted I'm sure. But about Mr. Jones now. You see some other men and myself have formed a little party to do the far West—shoot buffalo and all that sort of thing, you know—and we have heard so much of Mr. Jones as a sportsman, that we thought it would be a rather nice thing, you know, to have him for one of us.

DICK. Ha ! ha ! ha ! so Jones' fame as a sportsman has reached Europe. But it's not necessary, Lord Harrisford, to go to the far West for buffalo—why around Brooklyn and Hoboken the woods are full of 'em.

LORD H. Aw, really you know, Mr. De Forest, I could hardly believe *that* you know. But at least you have no Indians nearer than Philadelphia ?

DICK. Why man there's whole encampments of 'em over on Staten Island, and up in Harlem.

Enter JONES, EDITH, and MILDRED.

DICK [*continues*]. But here's Jones who will tell you all about it. Jones, this is Lord Harrisford of Harrowsford Park, Hants.

LORD H. Mr. Jones, your friend has just been telling me the most wonderful things about your too awfully chawming country. He says there's whole encampments of buffalo in Brooklyn and herds of Indians up in Harlem !

MR. J. Lord Harrisford, I'll tell you this. Whatever De Forest says, you may implicitly believe. In the matter of truth I have never known a man who so closely resembles George Washington as Richard De Forest.

GEORG. But why, Lord Harrisford, do your thoughts run on Indians and buffaloes. I'm sure the *elite* of this city would

be only too charmed to have you remain among them. And I'm quite sure, so far as our poor efforts go——

LORD H. How awfully kind you are, Miss Forrester. You make me change my resolution. I shouldn't wonder, if, after all, you know, there *were* some better things in this country than hunting blooming buffaloes. [*Takes seat near GEORGIANA.*]

MR. DE F. [*aside*]. Hunting blooming old heiresses of fifty for instance. [*To JONES.*] Come over here, Jones, I have something good to tell you. [*JONES goes and sits by old MR. DE FOREST.*]

MR. DE F. What do you think Jones, that boy Dick has been up to? Nothing less than making love to Georgiana.

MR. J. [*jumping*]. What?

MR. DE F. Fact. He has been raving of nothing but Miss Forrester for the past three weeks, and he proposed and was accepted by that paragon of youthful loveliness about ten minutes before you came in.

MR. J. Oh! this *is* rare. [*Runs over and clasps DE FOREST.*]

DICK. Hullo, Jones, what's up? Hang it man! don't choke me.

MR. J. Oh Dick, Dick you're a rare 'un.

DICK. Confound it man! I don't understand. What is it all about?

MR. J. Oh! don't play the "injured innocent" game on me. I'm only congratulating you, you know, on your engagement to Miss——

MIL. Oh Dick, don't let him say it. Don't let him mention *my* name. I should die.

MR. J. On your engagement to Miss Georgiana.

MIL. Georgiana—Oh! Dick, Dick.

DICK. Georgiana! No. I swear it.

GEORG [*rushing over to embrace DICK*]. Then, dear, dear Richard, it wasn't a mistake after all. You *do* love me.

DICK. It was a mistake. It is a mistake. What's the matter with all of you? [*To GEORG.*] Let me go, I say.

OLD MR. DE F. [*coming over and grasping DICK'S arm*]. Dick, my boy, you had better face the music. I'm sorry that a son of mine should have flirted with one woman, while intending to marry another. Don't be bashful in owning up. You see the good example Miss Georgiana sets you.

DICK. Bother Miss Georgiana, bother it all. Let me go I say. [*Exit.*]

GEORG. Oh Richard, Richard, to think you could be such a cruel deceiver! [*Faints. End of Scene 1. Act 2.*]

SCENE 2. *Act. 2.*—Time—Evening of same day as 1st Scene 2d Act. Scene same as 1st three scenes. MILDRED stands near mantel, looking at engagement ring.

MIL. No I shall never wear you again. I never wish to see *him* again, only, only I wish it were not so hard to say it.

Never—oh I wonder is there any word in all the world so terrible as that one. When I try to realize its meaning, my courage begins to fail me, and I fear that if Dick should come back, I would be ready to forgive and forget everything. But no, I shall never do that—to think of his baseness in pretending to love me, when it was really Georgiana's thousands he was after. Oh it is too terrible. And to think that it all happened only this morning. Oh! I cannot realize it.

Enter EDITH.

EDITH. What, Mildred, you didn't go to Mrs. Van Vort's reception after all then? For anyone else to change her mind wouldn't be so remarkable, but for you who have always been the soul of consistency, such conduct is to say the least, wonderful.

MIL. Oh, Edith I think *you* might guess easily enough why I didn't go. You know the kind of people one meets at Mrs. Van Vort's—people who know everything about astrology and astronomy and the formation of species, and tell you all about it even in the intervals between the dances.

EDITH. And yet you were quite pleased last week, when Dick spoke of accompanying you there.

MIL. Last week, oh, that's an eternity; that's ancient history. And Dick,—Dick can never be anything to me again. Oh, my heart will break!

EDITH [*going to her*]. Why Mildred if I had known that you felt like this, I wouldn't have mentioned his name for the world. But I think it's all a mistake,—why, he said so himself, you remember.

MIL. Oh yes, because he was ashamed of himself and couldn't very well say anything else. But oh, how I wish I could believe that he really meant it—it's strange, is it not, that it is those whom we love best, whom we are most inclined to doubt. [*Bell rings.*]

EDITH. Oh Mildred perhaps that's Dick now. If it is, do not be ungentle to him; listen patiently to his explanation. If I had only done that when Jack Rivers tried to explain to me that miserable January night that now seems a hundred years ago. There are only two lessons for us women in this life—unwearying patience, unceasing gentleness. Remember that. [*Exit* EDITH.]

Enter DICK.

DICK. Mildred [*going up to her*], Mildred! [*MILDRED stands with her head towards mantel.*]

MIL. Oh Dick—Mr. De Forest, I can't possibly imagine what brings *you* here this evening. Georgiana, you know, is out. If you have any message for her you can leave it with Edith. I'll call her.

DICK. Mildred, what's the matter? You couldn't believe—you surely don't imagine there was any truth in that ridiculous supposition of my father's, that I had proposed to Georgiana——

MIL. Pray Mr. De Forest, don't think of making any explanations to *me*. *I'm* not interested in them just now. Perhaps though Georgiana would like to have a few—for instance in that matter of denying what you had just spoken, and running away from her in the presence of everybody.

DICK. Mildred, you talk like a big baby. I couldn't, shouldn't, or wouldn't marry Georgiana, even if she were the last woman in the world, and I were the last man, and we were alone on a desert Island.

MIL. Mr. De Forest, all this comes too late. *I* can never believe in you again. Here is your ring. I have no further use for it.

DICK. Oh, very well then, Miss Forrester. Let it be farewell if you wish it so strongly. But taking back the ring from the hand that I once thought would be mine to clasp forever—I tell you once for all that you are mistaken—that no woman save yourself has ever heard a word of love from my lips.

MIL. I used to take a great interest in romances, Mr. De Forest, but lately they have failed to interest me.

DICK. In other words, Mildred, you *won't* believe me. [MILDRED turns from him.] Then there is nothing for it but farewell. Won't you even shake hands? What, not even for old sakes' sake! Then good-bye. [Exit.]

MIL. What! he's gone. Oh, Dick, Dick, *I* didn't mean it. *I do* believe you. Oh come back, come back!

DICK [partly re-entering]. No Mildred, it's too late. When I wanted to explain, you threw back the words in my teeth. You would not even give me the chance of saying a word in my own defence. Even the poor courtesy of a parting hand-clasp you denied me.

MIL. Oh Dick, I'd like to know who's the baby now? For a man to have lived twenty-eight years in New York and six in Wall St. and not know that a woman's words are ten times in a dozen, the exact opposite of her meaning—Oh you're the greatest goose!

DICK. Then Mildred it goes—our engagement, I mean?

MIL. Of course it goes—Put that ring directly on my finger, Sir.

DICK. And the hand Mildred, 'tis mine forever and ever, isn't it?

MIL. Forever and ever and ever, Dick.

DICK. Dear little hand, how nearly I came to losing you. [Kisses it. Bell rings.]

MIL. Oh! I wonder who can that be. Come Dick, we'll play boy and girl and run away. There is a beautiful moon to-night, and we will go out on the veranda and enjoy it.

[Exit DICK and MILDRED.]

Enter LORD HARRISFORD followed by CHARLES.

LORD H. And you tell me, Chawles, that the eldest Miss Forrester is out—how very, very unfortunate.

CHAW. Hextremely hunfortunate for her I should say, your lordship. Hextremely unfortunate. It's not every day that a bony fide nobleman like yourself, visits this ere blooming country. Why, if your Lordship will excuse me for saying it, it did my heyes good to see you—It was h'old England, and 'arf and 'arf and the Prince of Wales and my old master the Dook of Doverfield all over again.

LORD H. Chawles you amaze and delight me. I thought hitherto, that in this country the very air—aw the—the atmosphere you know—was inimical to those traditions of reverence and awe which every true-born Englishman owes to his superiors.

CHAW. A Englishman, your Lordship, is a Englishman under any circumstances and knows his duty as sich.

LORD H. Very well said, Chawles; very well indeed. You're a credit to the training of his late Grace of Doverfield. But about other matters now, Chawles—I suppose you're greatly attached to the three Miss Forresters?

CHAW. Attached your Lordship. Attached's a slight name for it. Why h's positively adore Miss Georgiana. Such grace, your Lordship, such dignity. Wy she might be a Duchess.

LORD H. [*aside*]. And she *may* be a Countess. [*To CHARLES.*] And Miss Georgiana you say is a—aw you understand—a lady of independent fortune?

CHAW. *Hextremely* hindependent fortune I should say, your Lordship. A hineome in her own right of thirty thousand a year, and no hincumbrances. Good family, too, as such things go in this blooming country. I heard her with my own two ears declare she had a great grandfather. [*Noise in hall, CHARLES exit.*]

LORD H. I wonder would my dignity permit me to indulge in a jig. The eldest Miss Forrester's the lady for me.

[*Whistles softly—dances jig.*]

Enter CHARLES and MAN struggling. (MAN who had sold the dog to JONES in 1st Scene 1st Act.)

LORD H. Chawles, your conduct astonishes me. What's the meaning of this?

MAN. Leave go of me, why don't you, and answer his whisks. I'm no burglar, I aint.

CHAW. In my hextreme delight to see your Lordship and my desire to do you 'oner, I left the door it seems, a little ajar. What does your Lordship think, but when I goes into the 'all a moment ago, I finds it filled with a dozen people at least, all wanting to see my former master, Mr. Jones, who used to live here. Since he became a millionaire, my life, your

Lordship, has been one continued struggle to keep people out, who wanted to come in.

MAN. Aw come off, you red-headed British jay, you. Jones lives here and I'm goin' to lay for him till he pays me for me dorg. See.

Enter MRS. MERRYWEATHER.

MRS. MERRY. Is Mr. Jones here? No. Then if you're his man, Sir, tell him that Mrs. Merryweather leaves her respects, and desires his distinguished presence at the opening of the Home for Insane and Idiotic Cats, next Wednesday.

Enter SALVATION ARMY GIRL.

SALVATION ARMY GIRL. Is Mr. Jones at home? I have here some copies of the War-Cry——

Enter MAN.

MAN. [*with machine*]. Can I see Mr. Jones? Here is a little affair that I have been vainly trying to show to him ever since he came into his fortune. It is the handy patent Crank-killer, warranted to kill at a hundred paces. Shall I give a little exhibition of its powers to the company? You work it this way. [*Works machine.*]

LORD H. Stop fellow, I say stop! [*Bell rings.*]

CHAW. Lord grant it's Miss Georgiana. She'll soon scatter 'em.

Enter JONES.

MR. J. What's this? Charles have you gone mad? Where are the Miss Forresters?

MRS. MERRY. Sir, I come to ask you to the opening of the Home——

MAN [*with machine*]. Sir, I want to show you this handy patent Crank-killer. It kills Anarchists, Microbes——

SAL. ARMY GIRL. Buy a few dozen War-Cries, Sir.

MAN. I sold you a little spotted dorg over three weeks ago——

MR. J. Oh good heavens. I cannot stand this. They're pulling me into the hall, and I'll be torn into pieces if I stay another minute. Excuse me, Harrisford. Charles, I'll send you up a Policeman to help you clear the premises. [*Exit.*]

Man [*with machine to other man*]. See here, I have a good notion to turn my patent Crank-killer on you where you stand, and murder you. Through you and your confounded spotted dog, I have lost my only chance of ever shining before the world as a great inventor. I'll——

MAN. Aw come off now, won't yer. If you had only knowed that dorg——

SAL. ARMY GIRL [*to* L. HARRISFORD]. Won't you buy a few War-Crys, Sir?

Enter POLICEMAN MCGINNIS.

POLICEMAN. What's the matther with ye, ye divils, disturbin' the pace of a gentleman's dwellin' like this. Come out at once I say, every blessed mother's son of ye.

MRS. MERRY. But Sir.——

POL. Divil an inch I'll go till everybody else goes out before me. Them's Mr. Jones' ordhers. Come! March!

MAN WHO OWNED DOG [*points to* HARRISFORD]. And what about his whiskers there. Isn't he comin' too?

POL. Come on Sorr! them's his ordhers. Every one; and divil an exception I'll make.

LORD H. [*rising*]. Aw, this is what I call a beastly outrage you know. [*Exit before* POLICEMAN, L. HARRISFORD, *etc.*, *etc.*]
End of Scene 2, Act 2.

SCENE 1.—*Act 3.* Time—Afternoon, six weeks after opening of play, two weeks from last Scene. Room in which Woman Suffrage Convention is to be held. JONES and DE FOREST present.

MR. J. You see it's this way, De Forest. In order to win the niece, I must propitiate the aunt. In order to pluck the golden apple I must make myself solid with the old dragon that guards it.

DICK. Ah, that's your little game?

MR. J. Not quite all—that's some of it. You'll have to take a hand in the rest. You see in order to give proper effect to my speech on "The Forward Movement of Women on Murray Hill," I'll have to mount on that table. Now I must come down from that table through a little explosion——

DICK. Of laughter—certainly, dear boy, certainly. I'll begin now. Ha! ha! ha!

MR. J. No, nothing less than an explosion of dynamite. See I—ah—place this trifle of dynamite under the table so—I place the fuse thus—. Now at the proper moment—that's when I begin to get all mixed up—you must contrive to light that fuse——

DICK. And you'll jump up in the air, to come down senseless and if possible, a little blackened, the first man martyr in the cause of Woman's Rights.

MR. J. Exactly, dear boy. Hoisted, as it were, by my own dynamite into the good graces of Maude's aunt.

DICK. But I don't see why all this is necessary. Five million dollars might be a passport to any woman's favor, even though she be the inflexible MRS. RANGER.

MR. J. Man, you don't know Maude's aunt. Not all the

millions in Montana would buy her. But good heavens! I have forgotten them!

DICK. Forgotten what? Jones, old fellow, this excitement will bring you to an early grave!

MR. J. I have forgotten the notes of my speech. My only chance of winning the dearest girl in New York is gone. What shall I do?"

DICK. Do! why stay here of course and await the approach of the enemy, while I go back for the notes. Keep up your courage, old fellow. You know that in the matter of speed, no District Messenger was ever in it with me. [JONES *alone*.

Enter MAUDE.

MAUDE. What, you here already, Mr. Jones? Auntie will be delighted to think you take such a sincere interest in the cause. I just ran down to see that everything was in order for the meeting. [*Busies herself with the arrangement of chairs, etc.*

MR. J. Indeed now. You seem to take a mighty great interest in the cause yourself, Miss Maude. I don't understand much about the cause. Wouldn't you kindly explain a little of it to me?

MAUDE. Oh! Mr. Jones, I don't think much about Causes or Things. Auntie does all my thinking for me. Don't *you* believe it's just lovely to have somebody to do your thinking for you?

MR. J. Well, that depends, you know. Suppose the person who did the thinking were about—feet—and wore a—gown and a—under her chin—why yes I rather fancy I should like to have my thinking done for me. [*During this speech MAUDE picks up hammer.*

MAUDE. Mr. James Ferdinand Jones, I call you to order, Sir.—there, didn't I do that beautifully. Auntie says I'll be the ideal Chairwoman when I'm a few years older.

MR. J. [*aside*]. You will, will you? Not if James Ferdinand Jones knows it. [*To MAUDE.*] By the way, you have forgotten to mention how that forlorn specimen of doghood which you were kind enough to accept from me, has gotten along.

MAUDE. Oh I'm the *most* forgetful girl. But I assure you, Mr. Jones, you wouldn't call him a forlorn dog if you could see him now. Why, he's the dearest, cutest, silkiest little darling in the world. And you'd *never* guess his name.

MR. J. Oh it's something nice I'm sure if you did the naming.

MAUDE. Mr. Jones, I'll call you to order again. Oh, yes I *did* give him a pretty name—J. F. You know those are your initials. I embroidered them myself on the blue ribbon he wears around his dear little neck. Oh, he's the sweetest little fellow! But I must go now, Mr. Jones, Auntie will wonder what delays me. [Exit.

MR. J. What a blessed piece of unspoiled womanhood it is ! What a charming frankness there is in her way of telling a fellow that she rather likes him.

Enter DE FOREST.

DICK. Here they are Jones. [Gives note to JONES.]

MR. J. Blessings on you Dick. But hark ! here comes the enemy. Be sure you sit where you can reach the fuse easily.

Enter MRS. RANGER and LADIES.

MRS. R. Mr. Jones, I can't begin to say how very glad I am to see you here. Ladies, this is Mr. Jones, the well-known young millionaire who is going to rectify the mistake of being born a man, by making the opening speech at our Convention.

MR. J. And this, ladies, is my friend De Forest, converted, I am happy to think, to your noble cause by my unworthy example. [MAUDE takes seat near DE FOREST.]

MRS. R. Mr. De Forest, you are welcome to the fold. As Chairwoman of this meeting I propose that Mr. Jones proceed with the opening address. [Raps for order.]

MR. J. Ladies, I find myself in a position to-night that is, to say the least, trying. Not until a few weeks ago, when your gallant and honorable Chairwoman, Mrs. Ranger, called upon me, were my eyes opened to the wrongs of the fair and stronger sex. But I have entered this movement to-night to stay. I'm ready to suffer even death itself in the cause. If the age which evolved the bicycle, has also evolved the woman to guide it—If the century which has produced a John L. Sullivan has also produced a Dr. Mary Walker—If on Election Day a man will sell his vote for a little old two dollar bill and a schooner of lager—if I say, on Election Day a lady will sell her vote for a schooner of lager. Oh no,—I didn't mean that—If I say a lady will sell her vote for a schooner of lager. Oh no—that's all wrong. If a lady [consults notes] oh hang it, I can't find the place—if, if, [Gesticulates to DICK DE FOREST.]

MAUDE [to DICK]. What's the matter with Mr. Jones ? He's making all manner of curious signals to you.

DICK [jumping up]. Oh ! the fuse ! hang it, I forgot the fuse. [Touches fuse Explosion. JONES jumps up in air. LADIES rush over to JONES screaming :

Oh the poor man !—Oh the blessed martyr !

MRS. R. What enemy to our movement contrived this ? Oh, if we could only find him !

MAUDE [dragging DICK forward]. Here he is, auntie. Here's the villain ! I saw him light it with my own eyes.

MRS. R. Oh, the wretch ! somebody go for a policeman this minute.

DICK. But good heavens! Mrs. Ranger! Ladies! this is all a mistake. Jones! [JONES groans.

DICK. Jones! JONES groans again.

DICK [to LADIES]. Let me go I say. [Runs to door; enter POLICEMAN.

POL. So ye'd be going, would ye now. Troth it's a nice-looking Herr Most you are anyway. Oh, don't struggle. Come on now.

DICK. But officer, this is all a mistake. Confound it man, I must speak to Jones.

POL. Ah, ye bloody-minded Anarchist, it's after finishing the poor divil ye'd be. Come on now, Inspector Byrnes will soon settle your hash, me boy. [DE FOREST breaks away, is pursued by officer, who in attempting to seize him gets an ignominious fall. [Exit DICK. End of Scene 1, Act 2. Slow close in of side scenes for Jersey Scene, or to drop an interior curtain for same purpose.

SCENE 2—Act 3. Time, same week as 1st Scene, 3d Act. A Country Scene in Jersey

DICK [sitting on stump or stile]. I'm hanged if I'll ever blow up a man again! Here I have been exiled in these Jersey wilds for the past two weeks, without even a word from Jones to say whether he had won the affections of Maude's aunt, and that so I might resume my place in civilized society again. And I suppose that poor girl Mildred's half heart-broken by this time.

Enter FARMER, rake in hand etc.

FARMER. Good morning Mister! Guess ye're over from York, aren't you. Don't like York myself since I was buncoed out of a hull quarter there in one of those danged museums, but I'd know a York man any place. Guess ye'r over here for your health, be'ant you?

DICK. Ha! ha! ha! For the health of the mosquitoes, I guess. And now if you're good at conundrums here's a little one for you.—What's the difference between the business end of a mosquito and the club of a New York Policeman?

FAR. Give it up. Guess you're one of them idjits that makes their living by keeping other people all the time on the dead grin. Mebbe though in yer own case the difference between the Muskeeter and the Policeman's club is the North River.

DICK. Say, you're too smart for a Jerseyman. Come over to New York and I'll let you into such a little green-goods game as will make the eyes bulge in your head.

Enter LORD HARRISFORD, dressed like a "Puck" Englishman, white helmet, shooting jacket, musket over shoulder, leggings etc.

DICK. But here comes HARRISFORD, as I'm a sinner. Good bye Jersey! I'll see you later.

FAR. [*looking after him*]. Great gosh! there's my only chance of ever becomin' a rich man gone. Who'd ha' thought that an innocent-looking chap like that was a green-goods man anyway—If I'd ha' only known it——

LORD H. See here my good man. Where do you keep your buffaloes around here? Here I have been tramping around this beastly province for the past three days, and by Jove! haven't had the chance of one solitary shot at big game in all that time.

FAR. See here Mister——

LORD H. Sir, you probably don't know, you know, that you're addressing Lord Harrisford, of Harrowsford Park Hants.

FAR. Look ye here then, Mr. Lord Harrisford Park Hants, if that's yer name. The buffaloes *air* rather scarce 'round this neighborhood, jest now, but the kentry's chock-full o' other kinds of big game.

LORD H. You don't tell me so. I had really begun to fancy, you know, that I had been made the victim of a beastly sell, you know. The fact is there don't seem much cover around here for any kind of game, anyhow.

FAR. Oh Jersey's more civilized than people think on, Mr. Harrisford Hants. Why only a few minutes before you come up, one of the smartest green-goods men from York was here, givin' me points on a little green goods game of his'n. Wisht he had stayed. This farm-work may be all very well for them that hasn't a soul above it, but for me, give me city life and a swaller-tail coat any day.

LORD H. By Jove yaas! I fancy you'd cut a remarkably brilliant figure in a swallow-tail.—But about that matter of the big game——

FAR. Great Gosh! there's plenty of 'em about here, Muskeetors, as long as your arm and as wicked as sea sarpints you'll find anywhere's from here to Hoboken.

LORD H. To Hoboken. Don't mention it. Rather say to the Dead Sea at once, you know. But as to attacking the mosquitoes of this blawsted province, I assure you on my honor as an English gentleman that I wouldn't attempt *that*.

Enter MRS. MERRYWEATHER with basket.

LORD H. My good lady, have you seen any large game around here?

MRS. MERRY. Sir, I beg to inform you that I'm not at

all interested in large game. At the present time I'm engaged in a search for small game myself.

LORD H. Upon my word, Madam, you're highly interesting. And for what small game, may I ask, are you searching?

MRS. MERRY. For cats Sir. For friendless and Insane cats. Ah, you don't know, Sir, what sacrifices I have made in that glorious cause. Until recently our society was confined to New York, but now it has spread its happy influence to neighboring cities and in *me* you behold the New Jersey Executive Branch. [*To the FARMER.*] Have you seen any Insane or Idiotic cats in this direction, Sir?

FAR. Jerusalem! but this is great. One comes to Jersey for buffaloes and the other for Insane Cats. How I wish that green-goods man from York was round here now. Wouldn't he jest howl!

LORD H. Well by Jove, I must say this *is* a queer country. A lady devotes her time to the cultivation of Insane members of the feline tribe and glories in the fact. When I ask for big game I am advised to shoot mosquitoes. Well, I must say good-morning. My road lies this way. [*Exit.*]

MRS. MERRY. And mine lies this way. To the rescue of the friendless cat. [*Exit.*]

FAR. Wish that chap from York 'ud come back. He said he'd see me later and let me into a little green goods game of his'n. But them city sports has mighty short memories. Howsomever I kin wait. [*Whistles.*]

Enter DE FOREST.

DICK. Hello Jersey. Thought I'd find you dead from an overdose of English nobleman. And that reminds me—I heard a little thing down at the club the other night that thoroughly fits the case of Lord Harrisford of Harrowsford Park, Hants. [*Sings:—*]

A BRITISH PEER UP-TO-DATE.

1. He is an Englishman, Don't you see? Don't you know?
Of a high, patrician clan, Don't you know
He's a howling British swell
And the waiters love him well
Down at the Waldorf hotel, Don't you see? Don't you know?

CHORUS—For he's got ten thousand a year
Don't you see? Don't you know?
And he is a British peer,
Don't you know?
At a breakfast or a ball
With the ladies short or tall
Oh he is the darling of all
Don't you see? Don't you know?

2. He drinks champagne at the bars, Don't you see? Don't you know?
Smokes unlimited cigars, Don't you know?
As he canters down the mile
The Duchesses all smile
For they do so like his style, Don't you see? Don't you know?
3. He has got his horses and hounds, Don't you see? Don't you know?
Keeps his shooting-box and grounds, Don't you know?
At the races he's the rage
And he's known upon the stage
By each actor, prince and page, Don't you see? Don't you know?
4. He's been single all his life, Don't you see, Don't you know?
And it's thought he wants a wife, Don't you know?
But what girl within this town
Would aspire to that renown [*Don't you catch the point?*]
Must come with a million down, Don't you see? Don't you know?

End of Scene 2, Act. 3.

SCENE 3—Act 3. Time—Evening, week after Woman Suffrage Convention. Room in which Woman Suffrage Convention has been held. JONES seated, his head bandaged, etc.

MR. J. By jove, it's a mighty nice thing to be blown up by dynamite. I wonder what has become of poor De Forest.

Enter MAUDE.

MAUDE. *Poor Mr. Jones.* I *do* hope you feel better.

MR. J. Miss Ranger—Maude, do you *really* care so very much?

MAUDE. Why, of course I care very much. You *do* ask the silliest questions!

MR. J. Then i'm going to ask a sillier one yet. Maude, how does the title of Mrs. James Ferdinand Jones please you?

MAUDE. Why, are those *all your* names, Mr. Jones? You might be an Austrian Archduke, you have such a string of 'em. J-a-m-e-s Ferd-in-and Jones. Yes, it sounds very musical.

MR. J. [*rising*]. Now, my dear girl, this playing at cross-purposes will never do. Perhaps I will not soon have another opportunity of saying what I wish to tell you this morning. Surely, dear Maude, you must have seen—can you not guess, what I would say to you? Will you not make me the happiest fellow in the world, by promising to become my wife?

MAUDE. Your wife! James Ferdinand, why that's the silliest question of all—of course I'll be your wife. [*Drops courtesy to her reflection in mirror.*] I salute you, Madam *la* Millionaire. We'll have a house on the corner, a box at the Opera,

and thousands of beautiful gowns. [*Goes back to* JONES.] James Ferdinand Jones, do you know what you are? You're a *darling*. But you'll have to ask auntie.

MR. J. Ask that old dragon, Maude? Oh, you may frown, but she is a dragon.

MAUDE. Well you can tell that to herself now.

Enter MRS. RANGER. [*JONES sits down.*]

MAUDE. Oh auntie! Mr. Jones has just been saying the sweetest things about you. He said that you were a——

MR. J. Maude!

MAUDE. That you were a——

MR. J. Maude!

MRS. R. Leave the room directly, Maude. Don't you see how you're exciting our poor patient? For all your training you're no better than an over-grown school girl. [*Exit*

MAUDE. MRS. RANGER *takes seat near* JONES.

MR. J. Mrs. Ranger, I have just been telling your niece of a little plan of mine——

MRS. R. Exactly, dear Mr. Jones—Go ahead.

MR. J. It's this. I'm going to consecrate the rest of my life to the noble work of emancipating your sex. But I can't do it alone.

MRS. R. And you shan't have to do it alone. I'll help you. Susan B. Anthony will help you. Dr. Mary Walker will help you.

MR. J. Ah, your'e very generous, Mrs. Ranger. But you have a great many interests to attend to. I want somebody who will be always by my side. Now if you could spare Maude——

MRS. R. Spare Maude—what do you mean, Mr. Jones?

MR. J. Why, that I'd very much like to marry your niece, Mrs. Ranger.

MRS. R. My niece! marry a man. Oh

MR. J. Maude! Maude!

[*Swoons.*]

Enter MAUDE.

MAUDE. Oh, auntie, what's the matter!

MRS. R. [*opening her eyes*]. Maude—he—wants—to *marry* you.

MR. J. Good Heavens, Mrs. Ranger, listen to sense for a moment. In me your niece will marry a martyr as well as a man. When we are married I will grant her every possible privilege the heart of a manly woman could desire.

MRS. R. Maude, be so good as to check off on your fingers, as Mr. Jones names them, those privileges for which he would have you exchange your liberty.

MR. J. Well then, dear Maude, I'll show you how to fold

your pasters on Election Day, and side by side we'll go to the polls and cast our vote.

MAUDE. Very good Mr. Jones. That's one. [*Numbers on her fingers.*]

MR. J. I'll teach you how to overcome the scruples of the bashful voter.

MAUDE. That's two.

MR. J. I'll instruct you in the manly art of self-defence, a la Mr. Jas. Corbett.

MAUDE. How delightful ! just fancy my little hands in a big pair of boxing-gloves. That's three.

MR. J. I'll show you how to pick out the winner in a Guttenburg steeplechase. I'll teach you how to guide the obstinate bicycle. I'll—Oh hang it. I'll do whatever any fellow could do to make his wife happy.

MRS. R. James Ferdinand Jones, you're an exception to your sex. As an exception to your sex, I'll accept you for my nephew.

MR. J. Dear Mrs. Ranger you're a jolly good fellow. Permit me to embrace my future aunt.

MRS. R. [*rising*]. Well, dear Mr. Jones, I must say good-bye for a short time. Business connected with the cause calls me away from your side. Au revoir. Come Maude. [*After a moment, JONES walks to window and looks out.*]

MR. J. Thank Heaven she's gone at last. No mother-in-law was ever in it with Mrs. Ranger. But I wonder what the jolly old girl will say afterwards, when she finds out I'm just a man—a mere man.

Enter MAUDE.

MAUDE. Oh Mr. Jones——

JONES. Maude dear, you must learn to call me by my first name now, you know. Call me James Ferdinand, or if you like it better, simple James.

MAUDE. Simple James! oh that's charming! Well then, simple James, I want to ask you a little question now that Auntie's gone. I have been thinking quite seriously over some things, these past few days.——

MR. J. Thinking, Maude! Why I thought your aunt did all your thinking for you?

MAUDE. Well not quite *quite* all. Now about yourself, for instance. I rather think you weren't hurt so very *very* much in that dynamite explosion.

MR. J. Maude, you're a miracle of discernment. I wasn't hurt at all.

MAUDE. Oh, I see through it all. At least I think I do. It was just a little trick arranged between yourself and Mr. De Forest in order to blind poor auntie——

MR. J. Exactly, dear girl. But you musn't give it away, you know, even yet, lest by any possibility it would reach

your aunt's ears. Not a word of it even to Georgiana or Mildred or Edith.

MAUDE. And what will become of poor Mr. De Forest? Perhaps he'll be hunted down and tried as an Anarchist.

MR. J. Oh Dick's pretty sure to light on his feet under any circumstances. And now Maude, I want to ask you a few questions. Of course you can answer them just as you please. Whatever they may be they won't alter the fact that you're the dearest girl in the world.

MAUDE. Well James Ferdinand, you *do* know how to say nice things.

MR. J. Well then Maude, here's question Number One—It's a mighty delicate one I know—but would you *really* care to vote?

MAUDE. James Ferdinand I shouldn't want to do such a thing under any possible circumstance—unless that *you* wanted me to do so.

MR. J. And you don't care a continental for the Marquis of Queensberry rules—I mean you wouldn't care to take boxing-lessons, even from me.

MAUDE. The idea!

MR. J. And you'll never ask to go to Guttenburg or to propel the festive bicycle?

MAUDE. Oh James Ferdinand *I'm* not strong-minded. It's only auntie thinks me so I *don't* want to vote, and I *don't* wish to know anything about voting, and I wouldn't be seen on a bicycle, and the only kind of a horse-race I want to bet on is the horse-race at a church Fair. But I must go now. I have stayed too long already. Good-bye. [*Exit* MAUDE.]

MR. J. By Jove, here's a good chance for singing that song. [*Sings*:—

THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY MAN.

Let others sing the days of old
 Their warriors bold and maidens fair
 Such themes but slight attractions hold
 To charm a modern millionaire;
 His ideals are of other mold
 They're built upon a later plan,
 He takes delight to sing to-night
 The End of the Nineteenth Century Man.

CHORUS—Search the ages through and through
 Find among them if you can,
 Anything quite equal to
 The End of the Nineteenth Century Man.

Varied types of him we've seen
 Scattered o'er the world's wide span
 London, Paris, New Orleans,
 Berlin and Jerusalem;

Each its own type forward brings
 Modelled on a special plan,
 But New York supplies the true
 End of the Nineteenth Century Man.

CHORUS—Right from Twenty Third street down
 To Wall they go in grand review,
 The world-famed men of our town
 Croker, Williams, Byrnes, Depew,
 Financiers of high renown—
 Earth holds not the like of them,
 All first-rate and up-to-date
 End of the Nineteenth Century Men.

CHORUS
 I'm one of the four hundred now
 And if you my appearance scan
 I think you quickly will allow
 I am a most genteel young man.
 And on my breast henceforth I vow
 To wear the gold chrysanthemum
 That labels still on Murray Hill
 The End of the Nineteenth Century Man.

CHORUS.

End of Scene 3, Act 3.

SCENE I—*Act 4.* Same room as 1st Scene of 1st Act. Time—
 Morning one week after close of last Act. GEORGIANA on
 sofa. LORD HARRISFORD on his knees beside her.

LORD H. Then you refuse me still, Georgiana. You *won't* be
 Lady Harrisford.

GEORG. Oh! how can I when I think of Richard. But
 you have a very nice place in Hampshire, you say?

LORD H. And a shooting-box in the Highlands, and a stall
 at the Opera, and the most delightfully wicked reputation
 in London. Do, my angel, say you'll be mine. I'm awfully
 tired kneeling.

GEORG. You awful man! [*Extends her hand.* LORD HAR-
 RISFORD *about to kiss it, is interrupted by entrance of man*
who sold JONES, the dog, in 1st Act. LORD H. *jumps up.*
 GEORGIANA *faints.*

CHAW. [*to man*]. Come h'out at once, I say!

MAN. Where's Jones—Dat's de bloke what bought me dorg.
 I tell you I must see Jones.

LORD H. Chawles! I say eject the man!

MAN. Look here, you two British Jays. I want me money
 or me dorg! See?

LORD H. What price did you put upon the miserable
 hound, Sir? I'll give you a guinea for him to get rid of you.

MAN. Aw, come off. Me dorg was no miserable hound,
 but a spotted purp what Mr. Wanderbilt sent me on me last
 birthday, and I want five bones for him.

LORD H. My good man, do you take me for a cannibal?
 Five bones? What do you mean, Sir?

CHAW. Oh, in this 'ere blooming country that's the name for dollars, you know, your Lordship. [GEORGIANA *groans*.

LORD H. Here's the money for your miserable cur, Sir. Get out. [*Exit man.*] Chawles get some water quick [*Exit CHARLES.*] Wake up, my angel. Wake up, Georgiana.

Enter CHARLES, with water.

Don't you hear me, my angel—[*sprinkles water*]. It's all right Chawles, you may go. [HARRISFORD *kneels*.

GEORG. Is that you, dear Richard.

LORD H. No Georgiana, it's Harrisford, dear Harrisford, you know. Look at me, my angel!

GEORG. He calls me his angel. Oh! [*Swoons. Bell rings. HARRISFORD jumps up.*

GEORG. Harrisford, stay where you are—a moment—you called me your angel—I am. Yes, George Frederick, you may. [LORD H. *kisses her hand. Door opens.*

Enter JONES.

MR. J. Has anyone seen De Forest?

LORD H. Jones, my dear fellah, you come in the very nick of time. Miss Forrester—ah—you know—Georgiana,—has consented to be Lady Harrisford. We need only *your* consent to be perfectly happy.

MR. J. [*shakes hands*]. You have it, Harrisford, my boy, you have it. But I forgot. I'm a family man. I must ask you a few questions.

GEORG. Oh! dear Mr. Jones, it's no. necessary. I'm nis angel now and next year, I'll be Lady Harrisford of Harrowsford Park, Hants.

MR. J. Ha! ha! ha! very good indeed. *Very* good. You're an angel now, but next year you'll be an archangel of the seventh heaven. Harrisford, you're a trump.

Enter MILDRED and EDITH.

MIL. Oh Mr. Jones, have you heard anything of Dick—of Mr. De Forest, I mean? We haven't seen him for nearly two weeks.

MR. J. And two weeks are an eternity where Dick's concerned, eh, Mildred?

MIL. And oh, Mr. Jones, forgive us for not thinking of it before for you *do* look very well, but have you *quite* recovered from the effects of the explosion?

MR. J. The explosion. Ha! ha! ha!

EDITH. Why he treats it as a joke.

MR. J. And it is a joke. The best joke of the season. Ha! ha! ha!

MIL. [*clasping EDITH*]. Why poor Mr. Jones has gone

crazy. The shock of the explosion has unsettled his mind.

EDITH. Do now, Mr. Jones, be quiet. There's a dear. Sit down.

MIL. Do now, Mr. Jones.

GEORG. Come and sit down here, Mr. Jones. [*Places chair.*]

MR. J. God bless *me*. I'm not tired. I *must* find De Forest.

[*Turns as if to go.*]

MIL. There he's gone now. Stark, staring mad. And he never even told us the name of the villain who attempted his life. Oh! Mrs. Ranger!

Enter MRS. RANGER.

MRS. R. Dear Mr. Jones, we have been *so* frightened and *so* anxious about you. You shouldn't risk your precious life by leaving the house so soon, you know. Have you heard anything of that wretch, De Forest?

MIL. She calls Richard a wretch!

GEORG. [*from sofa*]. Dear, dear Richard.

LORD H. Oh, hang it! Georgiana, you ought to drop *that* you know. Say dear, dear George Frederick.

MRS. R. I hope you'll all be kind enough to excuse Mr. Jones. But a little Committee of the Murray Hill Woman's Rights Association, await his coming impatiently at my home.

MR. J. [*aside*]. Oh! Lord, talk about a lamb led to the slaughter. [*To MRS. RANGER.*] I'm ready, Mrs. Ranger. *Au revoir!* [*Exit MRS. RANGER followed by JONES shaking his fist.*]

GEORG. Come here, Edith. Come here Mildred. [*Rises and points to HARRISFORD.*] Behold your future brother-in law!

LORD H. Aw, it's a very trying, I mean a very delightful position, you know, and I'll try to live up to it.

MIL. And you'll be Lady Harrisford, won't you Georgiana? And have a cute little countesses' crest on your stationery. And when we go over to England, you'll present us to the Queen.

EDITH. Dear old Georgiana. How very delightfully charming you two people are.

Enter old MR. DE FOREST.

MR. DE F. Good Morning Ladies. Have any of you seen my boy Dick? Have you seen him, Miss Mildred? He has disappeared and I can't find a trace of him.

MIL. Then he has gone without saying a word to anyone. Without a word even to *me*. Oh, what could induce him to run away like that!

GEORG. Richard has disappeared. Harrisford, do you hear *that*. You called me your angel a moment ago. I want you to prove it now——

LORD H. As how, my sweetness?

GEORG. By finding Richard. George Frederick, if you

ever wish to call Georgiana Forrester of Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Lady Harrisford of Harrowsford Park, you must go at once and find Richard.

MIL. Georgiana, you're the very dearest sister in the world.

LORD H. All right my love. All right my angel! I'll find Richard, even if I have to hunt for him amidst the Indians of Staten Island or the buffaloes around Hoboken. I'll find Richard even if I have to go back again to Jersey. You couldn't ask a greater proof of a man's devotion than that, could you dear?

GEORG. Dear, dear George Frederick.

EDITH. Kind Lord Harrisford.

MIL. I'll never be able to thank you enough for your goodness.

LORD H. [*taking MR. DE FOREST'S arm*]. Come Mr. De Forest, when George Frederick, nineteenth Earl of Harrisford, gives his word to do anything, that thing may be said to be already done. I'll find Richard.

GEORG. Wait a moment George Frederick. In your noble zeal to find Richard you forgot your eyeglass. Let me fasten it. There!

LORD H. Right there my angel. [*Kisses her. Exit LORD HARRISFORD and MR. DE FOREST. End of 1st Scene 4th Act.*]

SCENE 2.—*Act 4.* Same room as in 1st three scenes of 1st Act.
Time—Evening few days after close of 1st Scene 4th Act.

EDITH [*alone. Goes to the looking glass*].—Only twenty-two and yet to think that my life is ended—quite ended. I am utterly weary of this wretched farce of dining and dressing and laughing when one could weep. Oh! Jack, Jack, if I could only recall those words that sent you away to the wild Arctic seas, this night two years ago. [*Walks away from mirror and picks up flowers.*]

Poor roses, I wore you that night here on my breast. I remember he said you were not nearly so pink as my cheeks. I remember—ah, all life seems only a remembrance now. [*Takes up letters.*] Here they are, not so many of them. One came with a volume of poetry. One with an offering of rare blossoms. One—ah, cruel little note, the hands that wrote and folded you are still enough now. [*Replaces letters. Takes up violin or goes to piano.*] Poor old violin, I wonder do I remember how to play you. [*Plays. Afterwards goes over to table and drops her head on her hand.*] Oh! Jack! Jack! Jack!

MIL. Oh Edith, why *will* you mope so? Always thinking of that lost lover of yours. As if thinking could bring him back. You make me miserable. And indeed I am wretched enough already in being unable to hear or see anything of poor Dick.

EDITH. And Dick has been gone scarcely three weeks and Jack has been lost for two years. And you—ah, at least *you* have the comfort of thinking that the last words between you, were words of kindness. *Not* words of unheeded pleading on the one hand, and of bitter scorn on the other. Oh, Jack, Jack could you only come back from the green seas, how quickly I would unsay every cruel word.

MIL. Now Edith *do* give over such useless regrets. Look here dear ; take up your violin and play the music of that old song we all sang together this night two years ago. We were all very happy then, though how *I* could have been happy before I knew Dick, I cannot now understand. [EDITH takes up violin. MILDRED sings old song.

GEORGIANA enters during singing.

GEORG. Dear me, girls. It seems to me as though neither of you were very happy. Here's a letter for you, Edith. Somehow the writing seems strangely familiar.

MIL. And oh, Georgiana, I see there is no use in asking the question—Dick has not been found?

GEORG. No, I have just had a telegram from Lord Harrisford who is now over in Jersey, and he tells me that in his efforts to find him, he has been buncoed twice, nearly sand-bagged once and barely escaped with his life from a trolley-car. Oh, the courage of Harrisford is something wonderful—wonderful!

EDITH. Oh Mildred, Oh Georgiana, you'll never guess who this letter is from—why from Jack himself. Only he and two others of all who went on the expedition were saved. And he has lived through the most dreadful hardships, the most horrid privations, kept up he says, through it all, by the thought of coming back to cruel me.

MIL. Dear Edith, I'm very glad for your sake. Oh! if I could only hear from Dick.

GEORG. Never mind Mildred. Harrisford will find him. Oh, you don't know of what heroism George Frederick is capable. [Tremendous ring of door-bell.

Enter hurriedly DICK DE FOREST and CHARLES.

CHAW. What's hup, Sir! What's the trouble?

GEORG. Oh Richard, dear Richard!

MIL. Oh Dick, dear Dick, where *have* you been?

GEORG. O Richard, have you seen Lord Harrisford?

DICK. Hide me somewhere. They're after me. Don't say a word. [Ladies push him under table and seat themselves about it.

Enter POLICEMAN.

POLICE. Where is he, I say? Let me get at the scoundrel.

GEORG. What scoundrel, officer? I don't think we look particularly like people who'd harbor scoundrels. Besides there's no man here except Charles, and he's *only* a servant.

POL. Didn't I see him runnin' up the stoop wid me own two eyes. An' he's an Anarchist o' the worst description. But if it had been only an ould speculator like Russel Sage he wanted to murdher, the divil a much I'd a minded. But to think that he'd want to blow up that poor harmless idjut Jones——

GEORG. Oh officer, you don't mean it—Surely it wasn't he that attempted to blow up our guardian?

POL. Oh it was him and the divil another. An' it was just when poor Mr. Jones was at the height of his oration to them ould Murray Hill Wimmen's Rights Wimmen, that he comes along wid his ould dynamite to blow him into Kingdom come. Troth it was the ondacintest deed I ever knew.

GEORG. [*to MILDRED*]. Ah, that's the meaning of our guardian's silence about the name of his would-be-assassin. But I'd never—no never—have believed it of Richard.

MIL. And *I* don't believe it yet.

GEORG. [*to POLICE*]. Officer, the man you want is not here. You have made a mistake. We wouldn't touch an anarchist even with our finger-tips.

POL. Troth mam and I'll say it to your face, you don't look as if you would. Anyhow I don't see him here, though I seen him as plain as a pike-staff on the stoop. Maybe though, the shock of that fall he gave me sphoiled me eyesight and that I see double. Och! he'll see double when I lay me hands on him. [*GEORGIANA goes out and returns with bottle and glass which she places before POLICEMAN.*]

GEORG. Officer, here is a little refreshment. It will do you no harm after your fruitless race—No, it's not lemonade.

[*POLICEMAN drinks.*]

POL. Troth mam and it's a fine dhrop ye keep. And now ladies I guess I'll be getting a move on me. [*Exit POLICEMAN. DE FOREST emerges from beneath table looking dishevelled.*]

DICK. Do you hear that, Mildred? I'm an Anarchist, I am. I'm a follower of Herr Most. I blew up Jones.

MIL. Well I must say you *are* a rather desperate-looking character.

GEORG. But Richard, I cannot believe it. *You* to blow up our Guardian! you, his best friend. Oh it's quite impossible.

DICK. Oh, I can't explain it. Jones can. Why the deuce he hasn't done so before this and given me a chance to enter civilized society without the fear of being grabbed by a policeman at every corner, is more than *I* can understand.

Re-enter POLICEMAN.

MIL. Oh Dick, Dick hide yourself; there's that awful officer again.

DICK. Too late Mildred. All I have got to do now is to stand my ground.

POL. Ah! ye infernal Rooshian I have ye safe and sound at last. I heard your voice through the crack of the dure just as I wint out and it was the divil's own luck, I did hear ye at all. Come on me bye. Byrnes will be glad to have a little conversation wid ye.

GEORG. But officer, this man—Mr. De Forest isn't guilty. Do you not think now that we might arrive at a little understanding. At a little adjustment—ah, officer *you* know what I mean.

POL. Troth mam I think I do. But whatever his other faults and failings, Officer Mc Ginnis is above bribes mam. What soort of a bribe now do you think would compenshate a man for an eye like this? Oh, he's a firsh-t-class scoundrel, and 'll look beautiful in a striped shirt. Come with me Sorr.

MIL. But officer this is a mistake—an outrage. Dick, Dick, I say you shan't go. No, you shant!

DICK. Never mind Mildred dear. It won't amount to anything. Only you had better tell Jones. It's all only the biggest kind of a blunder.

POL. Troth Sir, an' yer'e right there. It *is* the biggest kind of a blunder for you. No Miss, don't cry; the omadaun's not worth it. [*Exit POLICE and DICK. MILDRED falls sobbing. End of Scene.*]

SCENE 3d. ACT 4.

Side Scenes.

O
Chair.O
Chair.
Judge's Desk.O
Chair.

Side Scenes.


Clerk's Desk.

o o o o o o o o o o

Foot Lights.

SCENE 3—Act 4. Court room. Court is being temporarily held in room of hotel. POLICEMAN MCGINNIS near desk. DE FOREST sits in dejected attitude.

POL. Ah, it's there ye are, me boy, sittin' as free an' aisy as if ye rinted the place and run the business. Divil a cooler hand I ever seen in me life. Be jabbers an it's a mighty soft sate you have of it anyway in this foine grand hotel room, compared to what ye'd have had in the ould Court-House that was burned down last week. Haw, ye decateful divil, I suppose it's conthriving a new dynamite cartridge ye are. Begorra and it's meself will get promoted when this arrest reaches Headquarters. Troth it's enough to make a man sing.

I am Officer Mc Ginnis of the 19th Precinct Squad
 A credit to the finest as you see,
 I was born in Connemara, but I landed in New York
 In the end of January, '93
 But I knew a man, who knew a man who knew the Janitor
 Of the Hall down in Fourteenth St., so of course,
 With some *very* slight evasions of the Civil Service Questions,
 I at once became a member of the Force.

CHORUS—As I walk along my beat
 In my uniform neat
 The ladies with great pleasure do me scan;
 While the people passing by
 As they wink their leeward eye
 Say Mc Ginnis is a very happy man,
 Yes, Mc Ginnis is a very happy man.

At the Grand Central Palace, oh, it's there I most do shine,
 And if you but come up there any night,
 You will see me standing stiffly as Napoleon Bonaparte
 And I think you will pronounce me "out of sight."
 But it's soon I will be climbin' up promotion's slippery rung,
 Oh a celebrated man I'll surely be;
 An Inspector or a Captain, you may safely bet your hat on,
 One of these fine days, you'll Dan McGinnis see.

Enter CLERK OF THE COURT.

POL. Well Sorr, how does that bit of a verse suit you?

CLERK. Oh it's great. But what's this, McGinnis. A confidence man or a Drunk and Disorderly.

POL. Oh he's disorderly enough, but if he's dhrunk with anything at all, it's with villainy. See the eye he has given me. Sure an' if his Honor don't give him five years for this, bad luck to another day I'll ever sarve on the force.

DICK [*jumping up*]. Confound it all. What kind of a Court is this anyway, where a fellow's compelled to sit two hours listening to a fool policeman. Oh! if I could only see Jones!

POL. Now ye can see for yourself Sorr, the kind of a "disorderly" he is. He's not content wid blowing up a harmless fellow-crature, but he wants to see the remains. Aw me bird ye'll sing another song when ould Judge Finnegan takes ye in hand.

CLERK. You're right there, McGinnis. The Finnegan brand of Justice is the only thing of its kind on this blessed Island. Last week there was a mighty tough case of Drunk and Disorderly up before him "What's your name, me lad," says the Judge in that soft confidential way of his. "Arrah, is it me name you'd like to know" says the fellow, thinking he had struck a soft thing and winking knowingly at His Honor—"Shure if you'd like to know me name, it's Denis, Denis Finnegan, your honor, a second cousin of your own." "Stop

there" says the old man, getting black as thunder. "Your name, Sir, is not Denis at all. It's Mud. Just plain Mud. Six months on the Island."

Enter JUDGE FINNEGAN. [*Takes seat.*]

CLERK. Silence in the Court. The case of the people *versus* Richard De Forest to the bar. [*POLICEMAN brings DE FOREST forward.*]

CLERK [*still reading*]. Richard De Forest, you are charged with attempting to take the life by means of dynamite of one James Ferdinand Jones. Also with the high crime and misdemeanor of resisting the majesty of the law as embodied in the person of Officer McGinnis of the Nineteenth Precinct. Prisoner, what have you to say to these charges?

DICK [*aside*]. What will I do? Plead not guilty or betray Jones? Well er-er-er.

JUDGE. Make a direct answer to the charge, Sir. Did you or did you not attempt the life of a fellow-man by means of dynamite? Furthermore, did you not commit an assault and battery on an efficient policeman while engaged in the discharge of his duty?

DICK. If anyone in this case, you Honor, has been unjustifiably assaulted and battered, I think his name is Richard De Forest.

JUDGE. What Sir, you'd make a joke of the Dignity of the Court, would you? Officer, what did this man do?

POL. Phwat didn't he do, your Honor! There's a lot of ould wimmen up on Murray Hill, and they pass their time in thrying to make out that they're men and brothers and good fellows in general. A couple of weeks ago they held a meeting and got a poor, harmless millionaire named Jones to orate to them. In the middle of Mither Jones' speech what does this divil here do, but set fire to a thrain of dinnymite under the table. And whin I attempted to arrest him, aw the divil an inch he'd come wid me, but run round and round the room, laving only the tail of his dress-coat in me hands. But I got him again and here he is, yer honor, hard and fast.

JUDGE. Officer, it's not necessary to say another word. In his person and appearance the prisoner bears every mark of guilt. Sir, it's the opinion of this Bench that you're an Anarchist of the first water.

DICK [*aside*]. O, great Scott, hear that. I almost begin to feel as if I were a bomb-thrower. What in thunder has happened to Jones, anyway!

JUDGE. It is the opinion of this bench that the prisoner is not wholly responsible for his actions. Richard De Forest, you are remanded for another hearing, and an examination into your sanity.

DICK. *My* sanity. Oh this out-Herods Herod. I think I feel the pressure of the strait-jacket already.

POL. Step Lively me boy. [*Leads DE FOREST toward cell.*]

Enter JONES gesticulating.

MR. J. Stop, I say stop! I'm Jones.

JUDGE. Officer, arrest this man also, for creating a disturbance in Court.

MR. J. Don't you see? I'm Jones. I'm the man that was blown up. I'm all right!

JUDGE. This is Jones! This is the man that was killed by dynamite. He says he's all right. Officer, there's some mistake here. Bring your first prisoner back. [JONES and DE FOREST shake hands.

MR. J. De Forest, you're a brick.

JUDGE. God bless me, this is the strangest case that ever came before me. A man shakes hands with another man who attempted to take his life only two weeks ago.—Prisoners, explain yourselves.

MR. J. Your Honor, you see it was this way. It was only a little joke—just a little plan, you know, arranged between De Forest and myself. De Forest's the most harmless fellow alive—never fired anything more dangerous than a snowball in the whole course of his life.

DICK. So your Honor, we hope you'll let us go! I'll never attempt to blow up a man again, though he even went down on his knees to beg me to do so and furnished his own dynamite.

JUDGE. Well you can go. Though I believe in letting you leave this room, I'm turning a pair of dangerous lunatics at large on the community. God help either of you though, if you ever make your appearance before me again. [*Exit DE FOREST and JONES.*

POL. An' that's the way I'm left, your Honor, after me fall and me black eye and the hurt to me feelin's. I'm not going to sthand it. I'll get transferred from the Nineteenth Precinct, I'll go up to the Park and be a sparrow policeman. Bad scran to me, if I ever vote for Tammany Hall again.

JUDGE. Begone Sir. Get out McGinnis. If you ever bring such a case before me again, you'll be dismissed from the force. [*Throws inkstand at POLICEMAN. JUDGE lifts up legal books, says to Clerk—I have some of the books here. You bring the rest. End of Scene.*

SCENE 4—Act 4. Time—Evening of same day as 3d Scene.

Same room as Scene 1, Act 3. MAUDE sitting in hat and wrap. MILDRED seated near. EDITH touches from time to time the violin or piano.

MIL. Do Edith stop that, it makes my head ache. Even the sweetest sounds seem hateful when the heart is not at rest. Perhaps even now poor Dick is on his way to prison. Oh I must go to him!

MAUDE. But I tell you dear, it will be all right. There

isn't the slightest danger of his going to prison. Why, the moment Mr. Jones heard of his arrest he ran off to his rescue.

MIL. Oh, I don't see why it was necessary for Mr. Jones to have himself blown up anyhow. If *I* were a man I wouldn't be afraid to appeal directly to any woman in the world.

MAUDE. Ah, if you *were* a man, my dear Mildred, and the woman in the case were my aunt, you'd pretty soon change your opinion. Why, before Mr. Jones could obtain permission to go to poor Mr. De Forest's assistance, we had to assure her that the deed was committed in a fit of temporary insanity.

MIL. Well *I* should like to be controlled by any one in that way! Thank goodness Dick need never tremble before *my* aunt. But there Maude, forgive me. I did not mean to hurt you. [Bell rings.]

MAUDE. Oh, I shouldn't wonder if that were James Ferdinand and Mr. De Forest now. Do Mildred cheer up. You look as though you hadn't a hope in life, left.

Enter MRS. RANGER.

MAUDE. Oh, it's auntie!

MRS. R. What, Mr. Jones hasn't come back. Will he ever come back? More than likely that dangerous lunatic has had a fresh attack and strangled him. Ah, what a loss our cause would sustain should any harm happen to that noblest of his sex, James Ferdinand Jones. [Sits down, takes off hat.] What's the matter with *you* child? Why, you've been *crying*. To think that at the end of the Nineteenth Century a woman should be capable of such a weakness. It makes *me* blush.

[Bell rings.]

Enter MR. DE FOREST.

MR. DE F. Good afternoon ladies. Mildred my girl, what's the trouble? Ah, I can guess,—it's that poor boy of mine. No, I can't find a trace of him,—all efforts have proved unavailing. Foul play of some kind has been at work, for Dick would never have left his old father otherwise, without one word.

MRS. R. Yes, Mr. De Forest, *I* should say there *has* been foul play. At least that's what most people would be disposed to call your son's attempted murder of his best friend, Mr. Jones.

MR. DE F. My boy Dick murder his best friend—why woman, you're raving. Dick wouldn't murder a fly. But if you know anything of his whereabouts, for Heaven's sake tell me, so I may go to him.

MAUDE. Oh Mr. De Forest, he'll be here presently. Sit down here beside Mildred and get her to believe *that*. I cannot. [Bell rings.]

MIL. Oh maybe that's Dick himself now. [Rises.]

Enter JONES and DE FOREST.

DICK AND JONES. Here we are again !

MR. DE F. Oh Dick, to think that you could have treated your old father in such a manner. My boy, where have you been,—what has happened to you ?

DICK. Oh, dad, give me something easy. The adventures of Richard De Forest Junior, during the past fortnight, would make a three-volume novel. Mildred, dear girl, you'll help me, will you not, in getting up a little volume of "The wanderings of a Broker in Jersey."

MRS. R. Why the man's insane yet. Hear how he talks. Dear James Ferdinand, you must be cautious. What would the cause do, what would *I* do, if anything should happen to you ?

MAUDE. And James Ferdinand, where do I come in—What should *I* do ?

MR. J. Oh, De Forest's all right, Mrs. Ranger. As I told you before it was only a touch of temporary insanity. It always comes with the change of the moon.

DICK [*to* JONES]. Old man, right here, I want to ask you a most momentous question—you're the father of this family, you know—Can I have Miss Mildred for my wife ?

MR. J. De Forest, you make me feel like a patriarch. Take her, my boy, and be happy. Bless you, my children, bless you.

[DICK and MILDRED *kneel*.

MRS. R. James Ferdinand Jones, you're more than a man, and more than a martyr—you're an angel of love and forgiveness. [*Bell rings*.

DICK [*jumping up*]. Oh, confound it all, Mildred, our beautiful tableau is destroyed ! And the dear old Guv'nor hadn't even time to give us *his* blessing.

Enter LORD HARRISFORD.

LORD H. Well of all the blawsted countries I have ever had the misfortune to travel in, this is the worst. Here I have been hunting through the surrounding provinces, compelled, by Jove, to mix with the rudest people,—for the past two weeks, only to find the man I was searching for, in the very first house I enter on my return. Aw, it's what I call a blawsted sell, you know.

DICK. Lord Harrisford, it was mighty nice of you to trouble yourself so much about me and I'm awfully thankful—but surely you had some compensations—a shot here and there at a buffalo or reindeer, for instance.

LORD H. Blawst it all—Blawst the buffalo and reindeer. I shall bear the marks of the Jersey Mosquitoes' affection to the day of my death.

EDITH. Never mind, Lord Harrisford. You'll be more than satisfied when you've heard everything. And Georgiana

will be delighted to see you. Shall I call her? [*Calls GEORGIANA.*]

Enter GEORGIANA.

GEORG. Oh Harrisford, O dear George Frederick! how happy your return makes me.— But you have lost your eye-glass.

LORD H. Wear an eye-glass in this blawsted country? Aw, Georgiana, I rawther fawncy not. You are all Americans here, you know, but I must say even if it does wound your feelings, that no American ever *can* live up to the standard of an eye-glass.

DICK. Oh hang all standards! Look here, good people all. Mildred and I are going to be married next week.

LORD H. Haw, Georgiana, that statement touches *us* you know. And in which of the famous churches of this city, may I awsk, will the ceremony take place?

DICK. Why, in St. Agnes' in Forty-Third Street, of course.

MAUDE. And what do you say, James Ferdinand? Suppose *we* get married in St. Agnes' next week? May we not, Auntie?

MR. J. Say yes, Mrs. Ranger.

MRS. R. Yes, James Ferdinand, you may.

EDITH. Oh, this is delightful. Jack will be home day after to-morrow and he and I will be married in St. Agnes' next week.

LORD H. And aw Georgiana, what do you say? I want to get out of this blawsted country, anyhow, as soon as possible, though I shouldn't just fawncy leaving my heart behind. Suppose you and I are married in St. Agnes' next week?

MIL. But, oh girls, we have forgotten all about it, in the hurry—What in the world will we do for our trosseaux?

MR. J. That's French, isn't it Mildred, for veils and orange-blossoms and bridal favors and all the rest. Well Mildred, I'm the father of this family, and thanks to my late uncle, possess some modest means, and we'll see what New York can do for us in that way, in a few days. And we will *all* be married in St. Agnes' next week. [*Edith touches violin with music of "If a body meet a body coming through the rye, and all sing it. End of last Scene, last Act.*]

CURTAIN.



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